71 2009 085 02083

71.2009.085.02083

Tributes to

Abraham Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources providing testimonials lauding the 16th President of the United States

Writings of

Frank Crane

From the files of the Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

71.2009.085.02083

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RANE

TRIBUTE - Dr. FRANK CRANE

LINCOLN'S DAY.

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

by Globe 2-12-19

If Lincoln were alive he would look out on very much the same world now that he saw then.

Names have changed, and shibboleths, but humanity is about what it always was and ever shall be, only better.

There were people then that thought the country was headed for the bow-wows, as there are to-day.

Then, also, old women and senators shook their heads and didn't know what was going to become of us all, what with new-fangled notions and unheard-of goings on.

There were the same kind of editorials in the newspapers then, declaiming against bigotry and intolerance and interference with states' rights, re abolition, that you find now in New York papers re prohibition.

Their names were not L. Y. Sherman and Borah and Reed and Lodge, but the Opposition sounded about the same in the sixties. The words are different, but the tune is the same.

And wouldn't Lincoln laugh if he could see Colonel Harvey at it! Same old stuff. President all wrong. Why didn't he do this? And why did he do that?

The eternal Bourbon is ever with us, never learns anything and never forgets anything.

Also, thanks be! the eternal progressive, the optimist, the idealist.

The world, the poets say, is a wheel, and goes round and round, and not straight on. Even Solomon thought there was nothing new under the sun.

But a better figure is that the world is not a wheel, blindly repeating, nor yet a car, going straight on, but a combination of the two motions.

In other words, Evolution is Spiral, reproducing in a way, yet ever ascending.

In Lincoln's day it was the Federation of these States. In Wilson's day it is the Federation of the World.

We say we live in a crisis. We have always lived in a crisis.

It is "an age on ages telling" right now, as it was in Longfellow's time.

There were people then who predicted the Great Revolution, the Sweeping Away of all the Old Landmarks, the End of the World, the Yellow Peril, Negro Insurrection and Hell to pay generally—but—things go right along—human nature remains—and in the Twenty-first Century they will be still viewing with alarm, there will be new Lincolns, new Roosevelts, also new La Follettes, Jess Willards, and Charlie Chaplins.

Through it all it is a comfort to reflect that the people of the United States have measured up to every task of Destiny. We adopted the Constitution, in spite of the statesmen who thought it a death-blow to our liberties. We abolished Slavery. We liberated Cuba. We built the Panama Canal. We licked Germany. We have abolished Alcohol. And we will have World Government, the Society of Nations, universal Disarmament, and the End of War.

For Lincoln does not die. He moves on. He reincarnates. He is the advancing Common Sense of All.

He was the Servant of Democracy. Democracy has found its Servant to-day. And will also find its Servant to-morrow.

(Copyright, 1919, by Frank Crane.)

CRANE, FRANK

LINCOLN AND THE PEOPLE

HE BELIEVED THEM REAL SUPREME COURT.

The dominant note in Abraham Lincoln, heard more clearly as we are removed from the crash of his time, is his belief in that vast, spiritual entity we call the people. He meant all the people.

That they knew really better what to do in common affairs every day and in the great crises.

That they are wiser than any statesman who presumes to lead them, can rule themselves better than any king can rule them, have more sound sense than any philosopher who would teach them, and are better than any religious sect that would uplift them.

Believing in the people is like believing in God; many talk of it, but few do it.

And yet it is the people that most surely work justice in the end. No judgment is so right and true as the judgment of mankind.

It is the people who finally condemned human slavery, gladiatorial games, trial by torture, and the burning of witches. And what the people settle is settled forever. Their decision, issued from the august throne of time, is never reversed. Great reforms never turn back.

The people may be vain, fickle and foolish at times, but their common sense never wholly leaves them, their heart is never corrupt. Any appeal to them must be just. They are close to God.

No program of cruelty or selfish privilege can ever carry with them permanently. By and by it is the lofty ideal they follow, the noble purpose they understand.

The creed of Lincoln and his kind of democracy is the homely one: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

Lincoln's ear was always at the breast of the people. He heard their heart. He sensed their will by the psychic skill of faith. He did not know; he divined. His conclusion was not the output of a logic mill in his head; it was a pointing of the compass within his heart.

He felt the people because he was of them. He had struggled up through their privations, had shared their longings, had battled with their limitations. And when he reached his place of power, and stood to command as the ruler of a mighty nation, he was no royal stranger, no superman, but wholly human, of the people still, bone of their bone. And he regarded the people as the true Supreme court of the land.

If any man despises the people, sneers at them, holds himself above them, withdraws from them, and does any otherwise than love them and believe in them, he has passed sentence upon his own self as an egotist.

For the people are wholesome as is the sunshine, or the wide sea, or the mountains. They are more deeply moral than any saint or church. They are utterly incorruptible.

And in Lincoln we see the man [illegible] believed this as saints believ[illegible]

FRANK CRANE

[Copyright by Frank Cr[illegible]

Crane, Dr. Frank

Dr. Frank Crane's

Special Daily Editorial

WHY LINCOLN WAS GREAT

Everybody knows that Lincoln was great, but there has been a persistent effort to ascribe conventional reasons for this.

Lincoln was great, however, simply because he was not great.

That is, he was the apotheosis of the common man.

He could not play the piano like Chopin, he could not read Greek like Gladstone, nor was he a great warrior or commander like Napoleon.

He simply had common sense and brought to bear upon each problem the same kind of intelligence which you and I in a measure possess.

He was not a handsome man, although efforts have been made to idealize him. He was like the man of whom the prophet speaks, "Without form or comeliness." His figure was ungainly and his face homely.

It was told by him that when he was a boy he was wandering in the woods when a hunter saw him and pointed his gun at him.

"Hold on there," said Abe. "What are you doing?"

The hunter replied, "I made a solemn vow to my mother upon her death bed that if I ever saw a man uglier than myself I would shoot him on sight."

Then said Lincoln, after looking carefully at the hunter, "I guess you had better shoot."

Just as Napoleon and Alexander were not tall men and as Dr. Johnson was a gross and fat man, so Lincoln was not a handsome man. The secret of his greatness was not in his personal appearance.

He was clear-headed and his feet were firmly rooted in common sense. In fact, he had no other kind of sense except the common kind.

Tomorrow—How a Painter Works

(Copyright, 1927)

Crane, Dr. Frank

DR. FRANK CRANE ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN, COMMON MAN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born 1809. That year, 1809, the earth brought forth a litter of veritable lion whelps.

It is the birth-year of two masters in music, Chopin and Mendelssohn; and four poets of the first rank, Edgar Allan Poe, Edward Fitzgerald, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Alfred Tennyson.

The same year come Charles Darwin, whose influence upon every department of modern thought is perhaps greater than that of any other modern man, and William Ewart Gladstone, "the Grand Old Man" of England.

And also in this year of 1809, on the twelfth day of February, amid the tangled forests of Kentucky, then a haunt of savage Indians and wild beasts, was born, of common stock, the man-child who was destined to take his place in history as the most consummate and complete American.

There is only one genuinely great strain in human blood, the Common Strain. The Preferred Stock of the race is the Common Stock. Real rulers of men appear as the wild flowers, growing in the untilled land, blossoming in the hedgerows. The plants in the royal hothouses, the Caesars, Romanoffs, Hohenzollerns and Wettins, by and by get pretty spindling. The future Garibaldi or Milton is, as probably as not, drawing pictures in his arithmetic in your sitting room, or reaching for cookies in your pantry, at this moment. He who makes men out of the dust of the ground creates a superior soul when He gets ready and where He will. The true priests and prophets of humanity are all "after the order of Melchizedek, King of Salem, without father, without mother, without descent."

Thomas Lincoln, Abraham's father, was a carpenter. He could just about write his own name when he tried, but he did not write it often, because it hurt his tongue. That was as far as his book-learning extended. In 1806 he married a wild rose named Nancy Hanks. It was a good, solid name. They were not naming babies Evelyth Jasmyn Tryphosa Vere de Vere in that region. The young couple lived awhile in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, but it was too crowded, with its eleven or twelve houses all packed in close within a mile and a half of each other. Thomas needed breathing room. So he moved fourteen miles out into the jungle and cleared a farm. Here they had two children. The first died. The second was tough and vigorous. They named him Abraham, after his grandfather.

Made Great by Commonness.

The Creator, when He made the boy, wrote "Common" all over his face and form. He was not a handsome child, and as he grew older he became homelier.

He grew up "as a root out of dry ground. He had no form nor comeliness; and when we saw him we found no beauty in him that we should desire him."

He was the common-looking son of common Tom Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. And it is because of this commonness that he was great.

He knew the common people as a child knows his mother. He knew their courage, their profound convictions, and the careless humor with which they concealed them. He had borne their sorrows and carried all their griefs. As a barefoot boy he had paddled alongside the "movers" wagon. He had slept on a bed of leaves in a cabin corner. He had run errands through the snow, carrying a hot potato to keep his hands warm. He had done his examples upon the back of a wooden fire-shovel, shaving it off with a jack-knife to get a clean surface. He had clerked in a store, dragged a surveyor's chain, guided a flatboat

down the Mississippi, peddled notions from door to door, studied law in a back office in a row of wooden buildings in Springfield, campaigned in politics, been elected and defeated; and when he came to the White House to take his seat among the rulers of the earth he refused to put on manners foreign to his bringing up, but remained the same unaffected, genuine, hard-headed, clear-eyed and fearless son of the West, meeting slander with whimsical humor, wearing success with simple modesty, enduring reverses, disaster, threats and misunderstandings with a manly faith in himself, in the people, in God; himself he could not save, but died as he had lived, smiling when the bullet found him; as for God, He has rewarded him; and as for the people, we, their sons, after fifty years have ripened our judgment and sifted all the evidence, we say, "If you ask what kind of people Americans are, there stands our truest representative, Abraham Lincoln of Illinois."

Loved for His Simplicity

Just a common man! Just a homely, plain piece of ordinary humanity. None of the marvelous gifts of those others born that year. No musical genius like Mendelssohn or Chopin, no literary talent like that of Poe or Fitzgerald, Oliver Wendell Holmes or Alfred Tennyson, no erudition like Gladstone's, nor scientific ability like Darwin's—no, just a man, a common man, but common as air is common whose sweetness we never guess until it is polluted; common as water is common, without which shipwrecked men go mad; common as God's sky is common, lit by day with ineffable light and starred at night with whirling worlds of beauty; common as mothers are common, who make and unmake men; common as the Son of God was common, who ate with publicans and sinners, whom the common people heard gladly, and who never entered the court of a prince until he entered there to receive a robe of purple mockery and a crown of thorns! Just a plain, common man; but this nation was made for such, the first triumphant effort to erect "a government for the people," and when the hell-fires of war and rebellion broke lose the people turned to him, a man, bone of their bone, their own kind, and they chose him and confided their life and destiny to him; they loved him, they took him, into his strong hands they put their lives, in his kindly face they saw that divine shining of a lofty soul that men look for in a leader's face when they are asked to die; upon his sensitive heart they rolled the burden of their doom; they gave themselves to him as a maid gives her soul and body into the keeping of the man she chooses because he is loving and honest and true.

And they made no mistake. For he was great, not with a starlike greatness that dwelt apart from and above us, not with some peculiar talent that separated him from ordinary men, but great with all our greatness, great with the greatness of the New World. Upon his shoulders he wore no ermine robe, upon his head no jeweled crown. His robe of power was the confidence of the men who work and do and vote, the farmers of Illinois and the mechanics of New England; his crown the praise of the slaves he had made men. Thank God, he had no illustrious parentage, and put on no imperial manner! He was ours, friends, ours—our own; the realization of the worth of common humanity, of how proud, how glorious, how divine a thing it is to be a HUMAN BEING.

NEW YORK
FEBRUARY 11, 1925

Crane, Dr. Frank

AN ABE LINCOLN BREAKFAST.

By Dr. Frank Crane.

In these days of scientific feeding it is interesting to know upon what meat our forebears fed. We are deluged with information in regard to carbohydrates, proteins, and fats. Periodicals are running over with advertisements of scientifically manufactured foods, some coming to us as powders, some as bird seed, some in mattress form, and others blown out of a gun.

You recall Peckinpaw's pills which were heralded as the concentrated essence of all needful nutriment, and which in time were to do away with the coarse business of mastication.

The Decatur Herald some time ago published a description of a breakfast set out for Abraham Lincoln by his friend and neighbor, Bowlin Green.

"Then I cut two venison steaks, each about the size of my hand, and a half moon of bacon. I pounded the venison to a pulp with a little salt and bacon mixed in. I put it on the broiler and over a bed of hickory coals. I got the coffee into the pot and up next to the fire and some potatoes in the ashes. I basted a bird with bacon strips and put it into the roaster and set it back o' the boiling bed. Then I made some biscuits and put 'em in the oven. I tell you in a little while the smell o' that fireplace would have 'woke the dead—honest. Abe began to stir.

"He hurried into his clothes and we sat down at the table with the steak and the chicken and some wild grape jelly and baked potatoes with new butter and honey and cream and hot biscuit and clover honey, and say, we both et till we was ashamed of it."

You might read this over the next time you eat your two spoonfuls of nutted glucose followed by imitation coffee, and digested by a hunk of Whangdoodle's Pepsin Chewing gum.

Crane, Dr. Frank

Lincoln

By DR. FRANK CRANE

DO you ever realize that the reason so many people love Abraham Lincoln is that he was a common or ordinary man?

Most people who acquire distinction do so because they possess some quality or talent that makes them exclusive. Such, for instance, was the case of Chopin, of Gladstone, of Mendelssohn, and of many others who were contemporary with Lincoln. But Lincoln is remarkable in that he possessed no exclusive characteristics.

He was not good looking. He was a homely man. And most of us are homely. He once said that "God must love common people, or common looking people, because he made so many of them." It is no disgrace to be good looking, and perhaps one may be pardoned for taking a reasonable pride in his pulchritude. But just the same, with most of us good-looks are conspicuous by their absence. Lincoln belonged to the great majority in this respect, as he was not a good looking man.

He was not learned. He was not a Greek scholar, as was Gladstone, nor was he a great musician, nor a great artist. He was great, but his greatness consisted in the qualities which all of us have.

He was not clever. He was just like the rest of us in this respect.

In him were exalted all the kind and gentle impulses which we all have. When we say he was noted for his kindness, we but state that he was noted for his human qualities.

So it was with his common sense. It was the kind that is the balance of all human faculties.

In fact, he kept close to the commons. He had that ability to look past his immediate advisers, to the great mass of the common people, and to sense what those people wanted. He had faith in the common people. He knew them, and loved them. It was not for nothing that he had gained his education by difficult processes. He had lain by the fire and studied his lessons in the most difficult manner.

He was not a man of great ideas, but he was a man who had the great ideas of the common people. He recognized that he was the servant of the common people, and not their leader or their master.

He was universally loved, because he loved universally. He loved men, and they loved him in return. It was truly said of him that his heart was as great as the world.

There has been much question as to whether he was a Christian or not. Many preachers have held him up as an example of Christianity. On the contrary, others have tried to prove that he was a free thinker. Whatever was his religion, it was the common divisor of all creeds. He fully carried out the precepts of Jesus, at least His principles. There never was a man who more exemplified the fundamental basis of all religions. He loved his fellowmen, and tried to do them good.

He had a sense of play. Probably no time was more terrible than his time, no time was more filled with the passions of men. But through all this, he kept his sense of play, and was enabled to see the funny side of things. This sense of play is a most human characteristic. It helps one to bear his burdens, and to see things in their proper perspective.

It was the common criticism of Mr. Lincoln that came at last to his advantage. He was criticized for being ugly, and awkward, and homely. But it was these qualities that endeared him to the common people. A great many of us are ugly, and awkward, and homely, and we are brought near to him.

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As time goes on, and his figure recedes from us, we realize, more and more, his enduring qualities, that he had those qualities that are permanent in human nature, and endure always.

When we admire Abraham Lincoln, therefore, we are admiring humanity. In him humanity was exalted, and the human traits we all have were exemplified.

WE love him because he was of us. And when in the course of human events we were in distress, we turned to this man who best exemplified all of the common characteristics of humanity.

We did not want a man who was a genius, who was endowed with the exclusive properties which we do not possess, but a man who was as we are. We trusted him and we loved him because he trusted and knew and understood us.

There is something in every extraordinary quality that removes a man a little from his fellows.

Because Lincoln lacked these exclusive qualities, and because he was close to his fellows, we will love him and always revere his name.

He was in every sense a true American. He can be said to be also in every sense a true human being, beloved by the people of every country.

THERE may be some who resent calling Lincoln not learned, or clever, or good-looking, or any such thing. They are those who cannot revere a man unless he is different from themselves. But it is no disparagement of Lincoln to say that he lacked these exclusive qualities.

He was common, indeed, but common as the sun is common, as the sea is common, as the night sky is common. The majesty and grandeur of his nature do not depend upon his possessing any superhuman gifts. but depend rather upon his manhood, which is the perfect balance of all human qualities.

LINCOLN'S success was achieved not by the possession of exclusive abilities, but of inclusive.

He attained greatness not because he was unlike other people, but because he was like them.

The harp of his personality contained chords that found their echo in the heart of every farmer and mechanic in the United States.

He was a member of no peculiar class, neither of the learned nor of the literati, nor the extraordinarily gifted. There was no class in him. He belonged to the people. There was something about him that was like everybody else, and every man found in him a neighbor.

CONSEQUENTLY, when he talked he talked level with his neighbors.

He spoke in understandable language and in plain and simple terms, and had an instinct for selecting the right word that was almost uncanny.

This was because he had been raised among the people and knew them.

He was not some divine waif, some strange creature who was not at home in the world. He was part and parcel of his kind.

THIS made him an astute politician. In the bad sense of the term, in the sense of hypocrisy and playing upon popular opinion to achieve selfish ends, he was not a politician, but in thoroughly understanding people with whom he dealt he was.

The idea of freeing the slaves, of making the whole country on a free manhood basis, was a lofty conception. At the time Lincoln lived there were many people who thought it was impractical, and there were equally a number of people who were in favor of realizing the dream at no matter what cost.

Lincoln steered the delicate course between the two. He issued the Emancipation Proclamation at just the right time; he carefully nursed the Abolition North and the slave-holding South until he effected the proper compromise between the two.

HIS all-embracing human qualities rendered him a meeting place for all members of his torn country.

Because he was faithful to his ideals and inexorable in his views of what was right, yet because at the same time he was kind of heart and gentle of nature, he was a man in whom the Puritan North and the rebellious South could combine.

Those who had fought against him came in time to see the humanness and gentleness of his nature.

He did more toward making this divided country to be one; he did more toward bringing all the people of the United States into one nation, than did any other man. They met on his common humanity.

LINCOLN has become in time the symbol of America, firm in purpose, yet gentle in action; strong in resolve, yet courteous and mild in manner.

We may oppose him in our convictions, but we cannot help loving the man in our hearts.

We are persuaded in him humanity is above all things else.

He does not only appeal to Americans, but to foreigners as well. There is no man in America better known to other nations, and more admired by them, than Abraham Lincoln. He has done more to popularize the best things in the American spirit than any other man.

He can be called, in many respects, the First American in a true sense.

Lincoln

By Dr. Frank Crane 2-12-25

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HIS all-embracing human qualities rendered him a meeting place for all members of his torn country.

Because he was faithful to his ideals and inexorable in his views of what was right, yet because at the same time he was kind of heart and gentle of nature, he was a man in whom the Puritan North and the rebellious South could combine.

Those who had fought against him came in time to see the humanness and gentleness of his nature.

He did more toward making this divided country to be one; he did more toward bringing all the people of the United States into one nation, than did any other man. They met on his common humanity.

LINCOLN has become in time the symbol of America, firm in purpose, yet gentle in action; strong in resolve, yet courteous and mild in manner.

We may oppose him in our convictions, but we cannot help loving the man in our hearts.

We are persuaded in him humanity is above all things else.

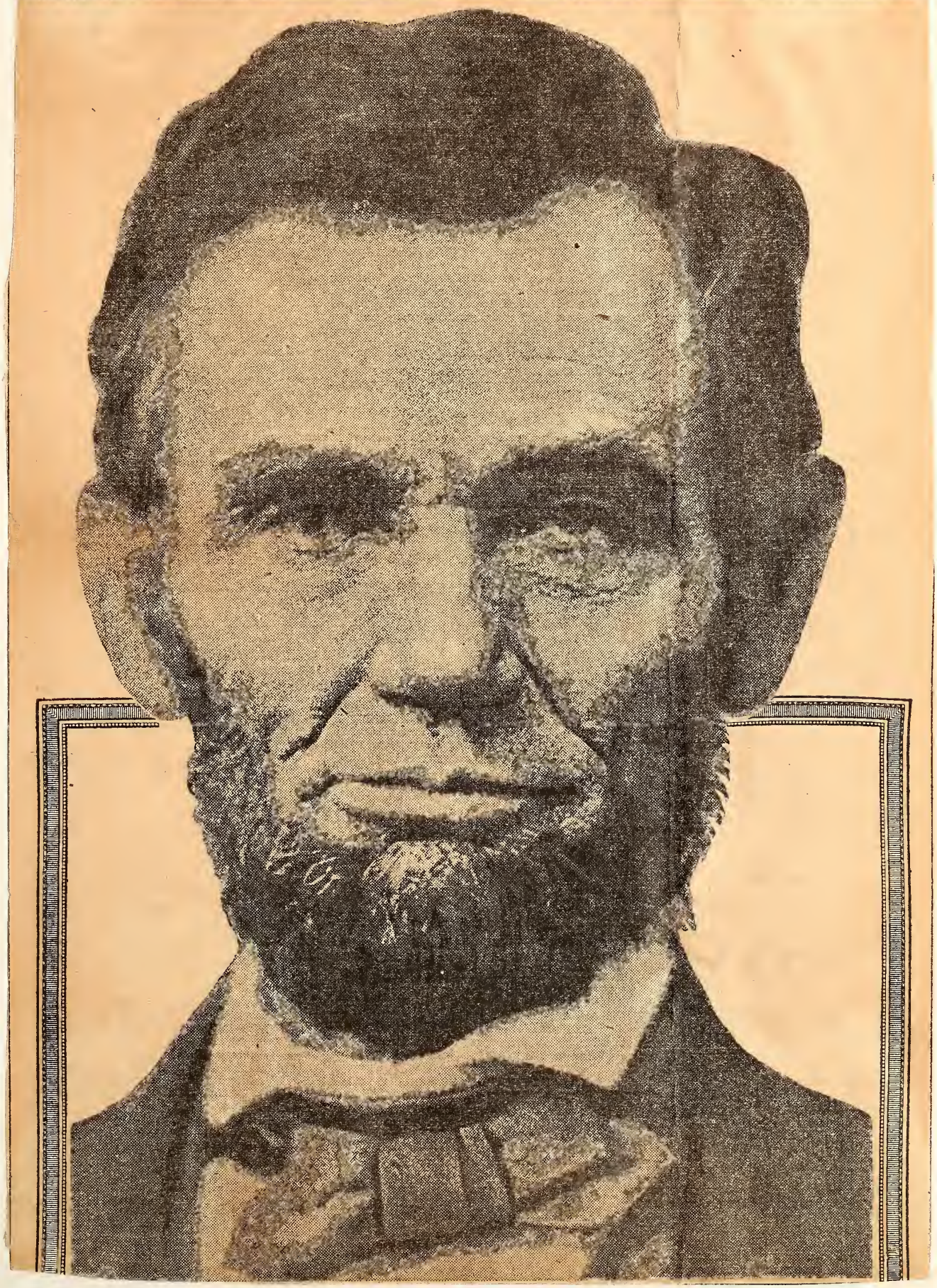
He does not only appeal to Americans, but to foreigners as well. There is no man in America better known to other nations, and more admired by them, than Abraham Lincoln. He has done more to popularize the best things in the American spirit than any other man.

He can be called, in many respects, the First American in a true sense.

Crane, Dr. Frank

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Born February 12, 1809. Died April 15, 1865.



"JUST a common man! Just a homely, plain piece of ordinary humanity. None of the marvelous gifts of those others born that year. No musical genius like Mendelssohn and Chopin, no literary talent like that of Poe or Fitzgerald, Oliver Wendell Holmes or Alfred Tennyson, no erudition like Gladstone's, nor scientific ability like Darwin's—no, just a man, a common man, but common as air is common, whose sweetness we never guess until it is polluted; common as water is common, without which shipwrecked men go mad; common as God's sky is common, lit by day with ineffable light and starred at night with whirling worlds of beauty; common as mothers are common, who make and unmake men; common as the Son of God was common, who ate with publicans and sinners, whom the common people heard gladly and who never entered the court of a prince until He entered there to receive a robe of purple mockery and a crown of thorns! Just a plain, common man; but this nation was made for such, the first triumphant effort to erect "a government for the people," and when the hellfires of war and rebellion broke loose the people turned to him, a man, bone of their bone, their own kind, and they chose him and confided their life and destiny to him; they loved him, they took him, into his strong hands they put their lives, in his kindly face they saw that divine shining of a lofty soul that men look for in a leader's face when they are asked to die; upon his sensitive heart they rolled the burden of their doom; they gave themselves to him as a maid gives her soul and body into the keeping of the man she chooses because he is loving and honest and true. Thank God, he had no illustrious parentage, and put on no imperial manner! He was ours, friends, ours—our own; the realization of the worth of common humanity, of how proud, how glorious, how divine a thing it is to be a HUMAN BEING."—Dr. Frank Crane.

J WRIGHT

Crane, Dr. Frank

The Spirit of Lincoln

Milwaukee Journal 5-5-1918

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

The Milton (Fla.) Gazette is exercised over the fact that a large number of people in the town went to a minstrel show the other night, and laughed, while our soldiers are dying in France. It says:

"Approximately 2,000 people paid from 25 cents to $1 to witness a cheap minstrel show and we will wager the price of a new hat that not one-twentieth part of those who spent their time and money thus for their own amusement have spent a single 25 cents for a War Savings stamp to help take care of the boys in the trenches."

This is rather a common attitude of mind, but it is a twisted conscientiousness, moral earnestness that does not reckon with human nature and has slumped into peevishness.

No one should minimize the horror that is now darkening Europe. Its shadow lies on all our hearts. It is a skeleton at our every feast. The pity of it all is with us night and day. But in our supreme hour it is not the nature of the American people to mourn and mope. Our soldiers go to battle singing. If we are to perish we shall die gallantly, without whimpering.

The same is true of France. Wounded and bleeding she still fights with a cheer, and the women at home smile through their tears. And the British are game. Rollicking and joking the Tommies march to the trenches. And in London and Glasgow the citizens go about the streets, sobered indeed, but with grim humor.

That does not mean we are heartless, or fatuous, or ignorant of the frightful issue. It means that our spirit is yet unbroken. Humor is the defiance of fate. The Hun would like nothing better than to plunge England and France into gloom. It is for that very purpose he invents schemes of frightfulness. He bombs peaceful towns, sinks ships laden with women and children, bombards Paris with his phantom gun, blows up factories and spreads poison in the United States, with the plain intent to break our spirit.

And the fact that we refuse to be afraid, that we still go to theaters and ball games and make merry, means not that we are fools, but that we have the spirit of Lincoln, who loved his joke even in the darkest hours. It means we have something of the Gascon courage of Cyrano de Bergerac. It means that not only shall our armies not be dismayed at the savage fury of the German brutes, but that our hearts at home shall never be reduced to weeping impotence.

We are sending our boys to die, we are spending billions in the cause, we are economizing and doing our bit otherwise as best we can, but are we down-hearted? We are not!

Crane, Dr. Franklin

LINCOLN'S DAY.

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

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IF LINCOLN were alive he would look out on very much the same world now that he saw then.

Names have changed, and shibboleths, but humanity is about what it always was and ever shall be, only better.

There were people then that thought the country was headed for the bow-wows, as there are today.

Then, also, old women and senators shook their heads and didn't know what was going to become of us all, what with new-fangled notions and unheard-of goings on.

There were the same kind of editorials in the newspapers then, declaiming against bigotry and intolerance and interference with states' rights, re abolition, that you find now in New York papers re prohibition.

Their names were not L. Y. Sherman and Borah and Reed and Lodge, but the Opposition sounded about the same in the sixties. The words are different, but the tune is the same.

And wouldn't Lincoln laugh if he could see Colonel Harvey at it! Same old stuff. President all wrong. Why didn't he do this? And why did he do that?

The eternal Bourbon is ever with us, never learns anything and never forgets anything.

Also, thanks be! the eternal progressive, the optimist, the idealist.

The world, the poets say, is a wheel, and goes round and round, and not straight on. Even Solomon thought there was nothing new under the sun.

But a better figure is that the world is not a wheel, blindly repeating nor yet a car, going straight on, but a combination of the two motions.

In other words, Evolution is Spiral, reproducing in a way, yet ever ascending.

In Lincoln's day it was the Federation of these States. In Wilson's day it is the Federation of the World.

We say we live in a crisis. We have always lived in a crisis.

It is "an age on ages telling" right now, as it was in Longfellow's time.

There were people then who predicted the Great Revolution, the Sweeping Away of all the Old Landmarks, the End of the World, the Yellow Peril, Negro Insurrection and Hell to pay generally—but—things go right along—human nature remains—and in the Twenty-first Century they will be still viewing with alarm, there will be new Lincolns, new Roosevelts, also new La Follettes, Jess Willards and Charlie Chaplins.

Thru it all it is a comfort to reflect that the people of the United States have measured up to every task of Destiny. We adopted the Constitution, in spite of the statesmen who thought it a death-blow to our liberties. We abolished Slavery. We liberated Cuba. We built the Panama Canal. We licked Germany. We have abolished Alcohol. And we will have World Government, the Society of Nations, universal Disarmament and the End of War.

For Lincoln does not die. He moves on. He reincarnates. He is the advancing Common Sense of All.

He was the Servant of Democracy. Democracy has found its Servant today. And will also find its Servant tomorrow.

CRANE, FRANK DRAWER 27 TRIBUTES